

THE 7th BIG ISSUE OF-

BEST OF THE WEST

NO.7





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absorption of natural and manu-
factured materials by non-
destructive methods and applying their
values to concrete of quarry type blocks,
concrete blocks and concrete for roofs and
pav. Fig. 62-63

AUTHENTIC INDIAN BEADWORK KIT



Page 10



LITERATURE



卷之三

你對他的了解，比他對你自己的了解，要多。



LARGE INDIAN HEADRESS

Please bring a book to me, kept in 1011.
101 University Hall, 2nd floor, 11th floor, 2nd floor.

Lithuanian Journal

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How this chart

July 2000 and January 2001 to assess progress.

THE GHOST RIDER

The

THE BOOK WAS FIVE
HUNDRED YEARS OLD.
THE LEATHER WAS DARK
AND CRACKED — THE
PARCHMENT PAGES
AFTER CROWNED AND
WILLOW BUT DEAD
IT WENT BURNING.
BLACK MAGIC HAD
GIVEN IT LIFE AND
POWER — AND THE
ANCIENT SPELL WHO
AS POTENT BELIEVED
WHAT THE GHOST
RIDER, BETTER EVIL,
SILLY CRIED...

**THE
BOOK
OF
DOOM**

LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES AGO, THE MAN OF SCIENCE,
BRAVE AND INTELLIGENT, LIVED THE MAMMUS
COVER OF THE BOOK OF DOOM. NOW — BEWARE OF
HIS SCIENCE, HE IS BEING FRIGHTENED —

STAND BACK!
DON'T COME
CLOSER, NOT
ANOTHER

— TO THE DOOM!

HEEE
HEEE
HEEE



THE NEXT MORNING—

I DRAWDOWN HIM,
SILENT—BUT
HE HE STED ON
OPENING THE
BOOK OF DOOM!
THE END HAD
CRIED LAST
NIGHT AND MANY
HIM THRU MY
WINDOW, IT WAS
AWFUL! HE DIED
MURKED OVER THE DUNR!

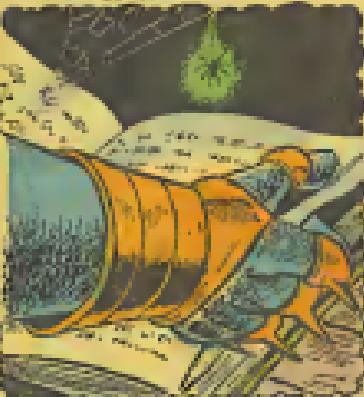
I'M
NOT MUCH
FOR BOOKS
LEARNIN'.
TELL ME
ABOUT
THIS
BOOK,
MR.
PHILIBORN.

FLORIO WAS A HEADSMAN
OF THE MIDDLE AGES. HE ALSO
PRACTICED BLACK MAGIC...
IT IS WRITTEN THAT BY MEANS
OF A SPECIAL RITUAL, FLORIO
ENRAGED THE SPIRITS OF THE
DECEASED SO THAT THE BOOK
KNOWS HOW TO SCHOLARS
AS THE BOOK OF DOOM...

FLORIO LIVED A CURSE ON THE
BOOK, FOR MANY YEARS
AFTER HIS DEATH NO ONE DARED
OPEN IT...

EDWARD THE BRAVE WAS THE
FIRST ONE WHO DARED. THIS
WAS IN 1922...

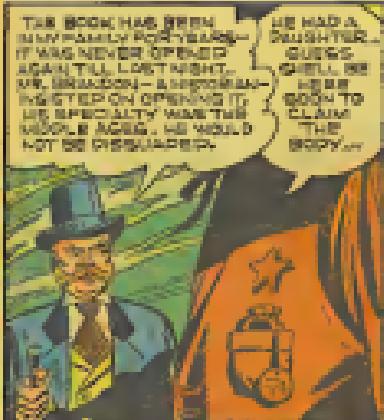
NO ONE KNOWS WHAT EDWARD DID... BUT HE
STOLE AWAY FROM THE CASTLE WHERE THE BOOK LAY—
ONLY TO DIE HORRIBLY UNDER THE HORSES OF THE
ENEMY! HIS HORSES OF A FRENCH BAND
ENCLOSED...



PAUL LEIBIG, A SCIENTIST, WAS THE
SECOND MAN TO DARE OPEN THE BOOK OF DOOM. THIS
WAS IN 1924...

THOSE WHO CAN LEAVE THE FACE
AFTERWARD, IS SAID IT WAS
FRIENDS WITH HORROR! THE POOR
MAN GOT BATTLED INTO A
NEARBY LAKE, HE DROWNS,
STILL SCREAMING...





AND SO THAT NIGHT, PEARL BRANDON STEALS THROUGH A WINDOW INTO THE LIBRARY OF THE PULBROOK HOUSE WHERE THE BOOK OF DOOM IS KEPT...

FALTERINGLY, PEARL
SCRAMBLED UP THE
WINDING STAIRS. THERE IS AN EARTH-
QUAKE AND SHE IS
ENVELOPED BY A
HOT-RED DUST...



THESE WAS THE
RED DUST... AND
THEN THE SPRINGS
ROSE FROM THE
DARK AND, HAD I
REACHED FOR ME
WITH THESE
GLASS HANDS...

THE PATH...
I FOLLOWED
THE PATH...
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT WERE
YOU DOING
HERE?



NO WONDER YOU FOLLOWED THE
PATH, SILENT COWBOY! IT'S — IT'S
LAWED WITH FAMES PHANTOM'S GHOSTY
STORMS! SILENT COWBOY, FOR YOU
TO GET ME TO TELL YOU, I'M TAKING
YOU BACK TO WHERE YOU'RE
STAYING, AND ON THE WAY, I WANT
TO HEAR WHAT THESE ALL ABOUT...



HE WALKS FORWARD, HIS BROW
PLAIDGED WITH THOUGHT. THE
ONLY SOUND HE HEARS IS THE
ECHO CLACK OF HIS OWN BOOTS
ON THE WOODEN-DECK STATION
PLATFORM...



AFTER HEARING PEARL BRANDON'S STORY—

FIRST THING I'LL DO
IS CHECK THE GROUND
AROUND THE STATION
WHERE VERA BRANDON
SAYS SHE SAW THE
PHANTOM HEADSMAN...



Suddenly—



...BUT THE HEADSMAN FIGHTS BACK, FURIOUSLY!
HE AND PUFFY ROLL, ROLL FORWARD, AND
CRASH ON THE RAILROAD TRACK, DIRECTLY
INTO THE PATH OF THE COMING LINCOLN EXPRESS!

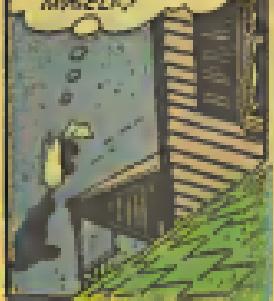


THE TRAIN — HE DOESN'T
SEE THE TREMOR HAVE TO
HURT ANYONE I CAN — DON'T
HAVE TIME TO GIVE HIM —



SHRIEKING, FURY LEAVES
THE STATION — AND SOONLY
DOES THE SHREWD-LIKE
REGALIA OF THAT GHOST
ACQUIESCE OR EVIL. THE
GHOST RIDER?

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY
LEFT TO PROVE THE VILLAIN
OF UNREST — TELL ME
THE BODY OF DOOM
HIMSELF.



AS I LIFTED THE COVER, A
GLASS PELLET BROKE — AND
NOW I AM SICK IN MIND.
IF NOT FOR MY MIND, I
WOULD BE OVERCOMBED —
TILL FRESH UNCONSCIOUSNESS
— AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS



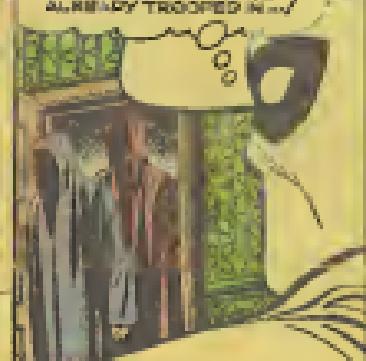
VILLAIN — I AM THE
GHOST RIDER, COME
FROM THE LAND OF THE
LIVING DEAD! TELL ME
THE WAY OF YOUR
GRIEVE CHARADE!



A SPLIT SECOND LATER —



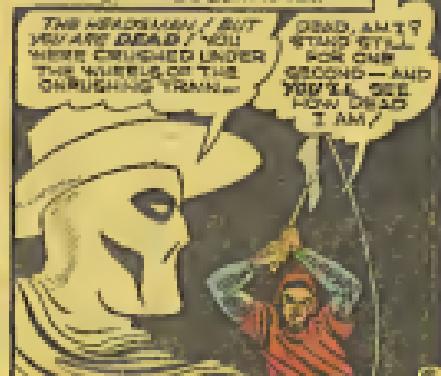
THE VILLAIN, I SEE HOW IT
IS DONE! HE WHO OPENS THE
BOOK BLACKS OUT
TEMPORARILY BECAUSE OF
THE MUSE — AND BY THAT TIME
HE OPENS HIS EYES, THE
FAULSE PHANTOMS HAVE
ALREADY TRAPPED HIM!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE GHOST
RODDED GLIMPSED BEHIND HIM —

THE HEADSMAN! BUT
YOU ARE DEAD! YOU
WERE CRUSHED UNDER
THE WHEELS OF THE
ONRUSHING TRAIN!

DEAD, AM I? STUPID
FOR ONE
GROUNDS — AND
YOU'LL SEE
DOWN DRAFT
I AM!



THE GHOST RIDER ACTS AS IF UNARMED,
TURNING, HEADING OVER THE BACK OF ISOM—

THERE IS A LUNCH ON THE
BACK COVER. IT'S OVER
OPEN, IN THE CENTER, IT'S
BELOW 2 BAGS SPARKLING
DIAMONDS AND BAGS OF
GOLD DUST—

AND—



Y-U-H
KILL
THEM
GHOST
RIDERS
BUT
TOMORROW
THERE'S NO TIME TO
CELEBRATE / THE
LAWMILL BE DOWN
ONCE AS SOON AS
WE GET OUT AROUND
WE'RE MOVING OUT
OF THIS TERRITORY
TODAY / GIVE ME AN
HOUR TO HEAD START
THEN I'LL GOSEE IT

THAT MUST'VE BEEN
BROADHILL WHO
GOT KILLED BY THE
TRAIN. I GAVE HIM
MY SPARE HEADMAN
CUTTING AND SPED HIM
DOWN RUGGED TERRAIN
TODAY. HE'S GOT
A LOT OF COIN ANY
MORE, I GIVE HIM
SIXTY DOLLARS. I
GAVE THE TRAIN A
NEW SITTING PLACE
FOR OUR LOOF...

BUT JUST AS PHILBERT
CLEAR'S THE HOUSE—

SHH! EAST—
MRS. PHILBERT CAME
I GOT A MESSAGE
FROM THE GHOST
RIDER TONIGHT. HE
TOLD ME TO GIVE
ANYBODY WHO
COME OUT A TERRIBLE
HOUSE TONIGHT,

THE
PALLETS
WITH THE
BED ROPS
I HAVE
GONE IN MY
POCKET...

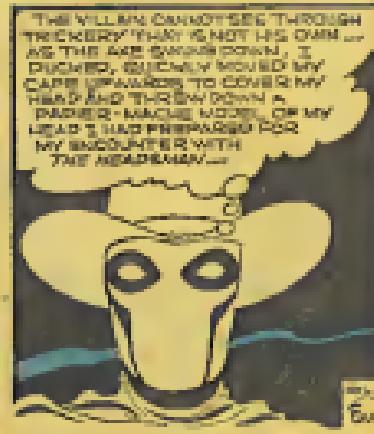
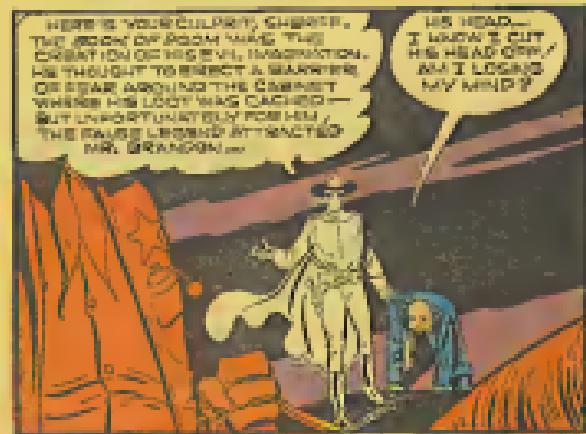


W-H-WHAT'S THAT?
SHAKE PHILBERT,
I DON'T SEE MY
EYES OPEN—



SHH-HH-HH— IT'S
TAKIN' MORE THAN A
TRUCK GUNSHIP TO
STOP THE MAN WHO
JUST KILLED THE
GHOST RIDER







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THE GHOST RIDER!

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AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS
WITH THIS WHIP SCARF
THAT BECOMES A REAL
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THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK!

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— with the name of
THE GHOST RIDER printed
on it — and a SPOOKY
white mask that becomes a
GHOST RIDER SKULL when
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The DURANGO KID

YOU OUGHTA
KNOW BETTER THAN
TO TRY TO CUT THROUGH
SANTO TOMAS WITHOUT
PAYING LA CULEBRA'S
TRANSPORTATION FEES!
HAND OVER THE MONEY!

ONE OF THE MOST AMBITIOUS
OUTLAWS EVER TO INVADE THE WEST
WAS LA CULEBRA! NOT CONTENT WITH
HIS COUNTRY THIS POWER-HUNGRY
CHIEF COYOTE SWEEPS OFF A LARGE
TRACT OF LAND AND, ALONG WITH
SOME OF THE HORROR RANGERS IN
THE COW-COUNTRY, TRIED TO SET UP A
"SIX-GUN EMPIRE!"

Art by Fred Guardia



ATER... AND THEN LA CULEBRA AGAIN!
HE GIVES ME THIS RECEIPT FOR
ALL THE MONEY WE
WERE CARRYING AND
TELLS ME IT'S OKAY TO
PASS ON THROUGH!

IF ONLY THE CAVALRY
WASN'T WEAKENED
SO BY THE WAR, WE'D
HAVE THIS STOPPED IN
NO TIME!

THE CAVALRY!
DON'T TELL ME
YOU NEED THE
CAVALRY TO FIGHT
AN ORDINARY
OUTLAW?

LA CULEBRA ISN'T AN
ORDINARY OUTLAW, SIR! HE
IS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST, MOST
POWERFUL COYOTES EVER TO COME
WEST! ALL DURING THE WAR HE
RAN RAMPANT, ROBBING, KILLING
AND BUILDING UP HIS BAND OF
THIEVES CUTTHROATS AND
THE SCOURGE OF THE WEST!

CHIEF U.S.
MARSHALL



"BUT HE WASN'T CONTENT WITH PLAIN OUTRIGHT ABERRING ON THE WEAKNESS OF THE GOVERNMENT AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, HE SET OUT TO BUILD AN EMPIRE! HE BEGAN BY SIGNING TREATIES WITH THE INDIANS AND DENG THEM TO COMBAT WHAT LITTLE OPPOSITION THE CAVALRY COULD OFFER..."

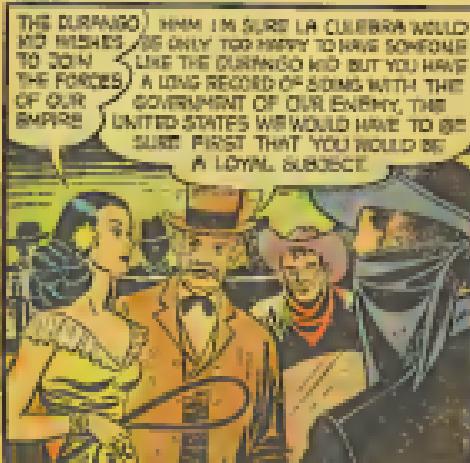


"CIVIL WAR? WHO'S PAYING CIVIL? KNOWLEDGE OF THE LAW WASN'T WHAT THEY LEARNED FROM THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BARN. HERE ARE UNARMED CLEAVERS... AND THERE WAS NO APPEAL FROM THEIR SENTENCES..."



"FRENCHES FASTER, IN SIN CITY, THE 'CAPITAL' OF SANTO TOMAS."





WHAT NIGHT...

ON THAT SONG
APPROACHING IS TEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF WELLS
FARGO PAYROLL RIDING TOWARD IT IS
DEPUTY MARSHALL HUBLEY FIVE. WE'LL
TAKE CARE OF THE PAYROLL YOUR JOB
DURANGO, WILL BE TO TAKE CARE OF
ME. I UNDERSTAND THOSE HERE WILL
RIDE WITH YOU TO SEE NO MISTAKE
IS MADE.

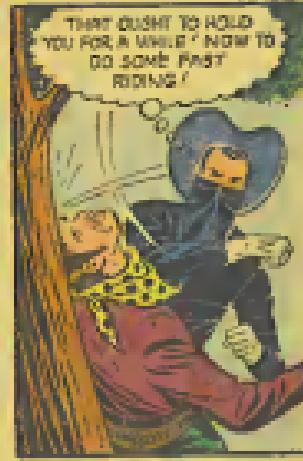
THEY WANT
ME TO KILL
MULEY
AND IF I
DON'T
DO SOMETHING
ELSE HUBLEY
I'VE GOT TO
ACT FAST!

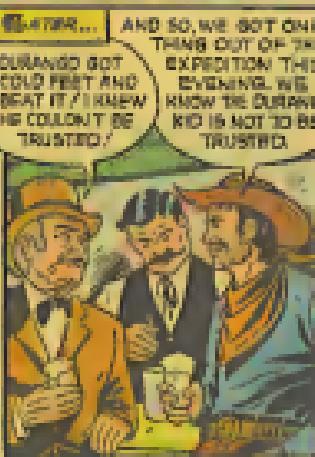
ALL RIGHT,
GENTLEMEN,
LET'S RIDE!

HERE GOES
NOTHING!

WINTER HITTER,
DURANGO,
DAINT YOU
RIDE?

OOOPS!









STRAIGHT ARROW

STRAIGHT Arrow shot an arrow of gold in defense of Comanche Land—not he had no way of knowing that this was only the beginning of AN UTERER of DANGER, or

"THE BIG FRAME-UP!"



SAM BARKER, BIG CESTHIAN, RIDES WITH HIS
HOOD AND EXPERTS OUT TOWARD COMANCHE
TERRITORY...

KEEP YOUR MOUTH
UNLINED—YOU'LL
NEVER GIVE THEM
TROUBLE!

I'M SICK OF
HEARD OF SUMMERS
GARDENS—NOT AS FINE
AS THE CONCESSION,
THERE'S ONLY ONE
PLACE YOU GET IT
COMANCHELAND!

I JUST HOPE
THEM BULLING, PUT
UP A HOAL—IT'S
AIN'T TAKIN' PLUG
ONE OF THEM!



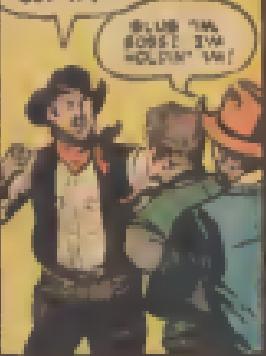
OBED, A NEW NAME,
LEADS THEM.

I FISHED BARRON - PUT DOWN
BEN AND TIN MET THEM
COURAGEOUS BUT ANXIOUS
BRIGHT SUN OVER THE LAND
I SHORE DIGHT SIGN UP
FOR THE KIDS
THO' THIS MORN
START KIDS' BRIGHT

TALKIN' BACK, BRIGHT
SET 'EM UP, BLACKOUT



THEY'LL LAST TWO
THAT IAN BRIGHT TAKES
PHASE TWO TO
WHAT I SAY,
SET 'EM



BUT SUREDDY...



STRAIGHT
ARROW!

YOU'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH,
BARRON. I'M SENDING YOU
FARE WARRING - OFF, OFF
COMIN'IN THE TERRITORY -
AND STAY OFF!



ALL EIGHT STRAIGHT ARROWS
WON'T GET US FED-UP, BUT
THE TIGHT TINN WILL
GET IT - AS EVIDENCE THAT
HOW SHOT ME...



BUT I'M COMIN' BACK AND
WILL OUT THE ARROW BACK
WITH INTEREST!



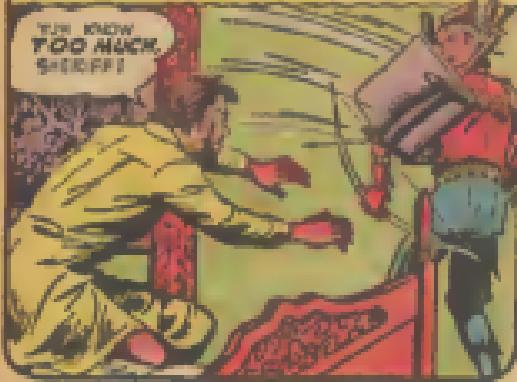








BUT—SAM BUCKER TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE
MICKO'S SURPRISE CAUSED BY THE SHERIFF'S ARRIVAL...



...AND JUMPS OUT THE WINDOW!

BLACKY! BOZO!
PETE! EVERYBODY—
GRAB IRON AND COME
OUT IMMEDIATELY!



STRAIGHT ARROW AND THE SHERIFF ESCAPE
BEFORE THE SURPRISE AND TRY TO PURSUE
BUCKER BUT...



A SMALL ARMY IS JUST
WHAT I'VE GOT SHRIKE!
THIS PLAIN-FOOTED
WILL BRING IT ON THE
RUN!

BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE,
I HOPE
IT HURTS!



IN THE DESERT TERRAIN...

FAREWELL,
STRAIGHT
ARROW'S
SABRE!

END,
MARTINS!
—RIDE!



YIPPEEE WHEEE—
A WHOLE ARMY
OF FREAKS!

SCATTER!
NOT FOR COMBES!
WE'LL BUST
THEM OUT!





TIM HOLT

FOR MANY MOONS OLD FORT APACHE HAS BEEN ABANDONED BY FURY LAYING DOWN. THE DENSE FOREST OF MOUNTAIN SNAKES CAN FIND NO MOVEMENT WITHIN ITS WOODEN WALLS—UNTIL THE NIGHT THAT A GHOST MAKES ITS REFUGE THERE, AND DRAWS TO TERRORIZE THE APACHE GUARDS.

WHEN REDMASK AND A HAGGARD TRAIN OF HETALLES SEEK SHELTER THERE AGAINST RAVAGING TORNADO, THEY DISCOVER THAT THEY HAVE HOWLED IN VAIN. BEFORE THEM AND A PHANTOM OF FRIGHT, BURIED THERE, IS THERE ANY ESCAPE FROM THE ARCHES, OR REDMASK?

"THE GHOST OF FORT APACHE!"



ONLY MOONLIGHT DAWNS THE OLD STOCKADE AND THE DARK BUILDINGS OF THE ABANDONED FORT.

NO GUARDS TELL ME OF THE GUARD THAT HAS COME TO LIVE WITHIN ITS WALLS BUT I SEE NO SPIRIT MAN!



AND THEN A GORILLA OF ULTERE AVAILABILITY RIPS THE GHOST NIGHT—

AH HEEEEEE-HA-HA-HA!



WITH A HOWL OF TERROR—HIS
GREASY HAIR STIFF ON HIS
HEAD—GUTTHANE, CHIEF
OF THE HUNGRY APACHE—
FLIES IN HORROR...

THE SHOUTS OF THE
DEAD SOLDIERS ARE
TRIBES AND I SLEW
IN BATTLE!
THEY WILL
CHASE ME!

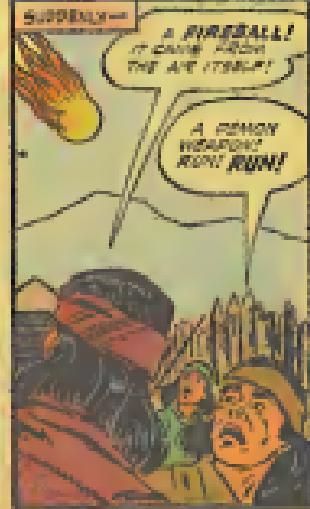
BUT DAYLIGHT BRINGS SENSE
BACK TO THE CANNY CHIEF—
AND AT THE HEAD OF HIS
WARRIORS HE RIDES INTO
THE OLD FORT...



SUDDENLY...

A FIREBALL!
IT CAME FROM
THE AIR ITSELF!

A PHEON
WARRIOR!
RUN! RUN!



AIIIEEEEE-HA-HA-HA!



RAGES WITH FRIGHT AND FURY, AND RIDDING TO
ROUTE HIS OUTRAGED FOLK, GUTTHANE HURLS
THE WARRIORS AT AN UNFORTUNATE RAILROAD TRAIN.

EEEEEY!

AAAGH!



CAUGHT IN THE OPEN, UNABLE TO CLOSE IN A CIRCLE,
THE SETTLERS ARE DOOMED...

YAHAAAAAEEEEY! APACHE NOT KILL GHOST
—BUT APACHE KILL FALSEFACES!

MUCH LOOT! MANY EQUIP!



DRIVEN BY THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE, REDMASK OF THE RIO GRANDE TOSSES HIS GREAT STALLION, SUN DANCE FORWARD...

SETTLERS DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT APACHE! THEY'LL BE SLAUGHTERED LIKE SITTING DUCKS DOWN THERE!



IF I CAN GET HEAR ENOUGH TO THE WAGONS, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SAVE SOME OF THEM YET!



AT FULL GALLOP, REDMASK RACES IN. HIS SHODDED SPEAK AGAIN AND AGAIN, WITH HOT LEAD HE BLASTS A PATH THROUGH THE CONESTOGAS!



MOVE YOUR WAGONS, FRONTIER—
BEFORE YOU'RE ALL KILLED! LEAVE
ALL YOUR WAGONS BUT THREE!



KEEP MOVING, SAVIANT! IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE TO GET THROUGH THIS ALIVE!



SUSPECTING A TRAP, THE APACHES DRAW BACK FROM THE CRASHING WAGONS —

THEY MOVE THREE WAGONS—
LEAVING THE REST BEHIND!



A DOZEN PAINTED WARRIORS RUSH TOWARD THE ABANDONED CONESTOGAS —

“IT'S A TRAP!”

THE MEN AND WOMEN FLED
IN THE THREE WAGONS—NONE
REMAINING DEAD!



LIVID WITH FURY,
THE SCREAMING INDIANS
PURSUE THEIR ESCAPING
VICTIMS...



FROM THE CANVAS SHELTERS
OF EACH WAGON, A DOZEN
RIFLES CRACKED!



A RACE FOR LIFE ITSELF
BEGINS...



—THAT ENDS ONLY WHEN THE GATES
OF OLD FORT APACHE ARE SIGHTED!



A DOZEN HANDS LIFT THE OLD
BAR, AND SLIDE IT IN PLACE!

THERE! THAT DOES IT!

BUT AS DUST DROPS TO
MANTLE ACROSS THE PRAIRIE
THE ARROWS SCALD THE WALL!

LOOK! THEY ARE READY!

AND THEN—
AHHH—AH-HA-HA-HA!
THE GHOST THAT SHAKES
LIVE THE HORSES!

FLEE!

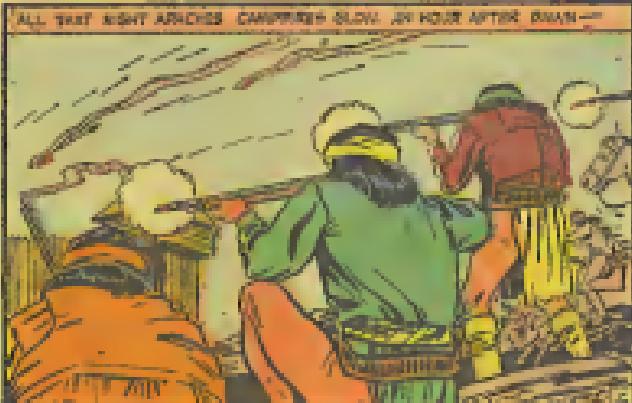
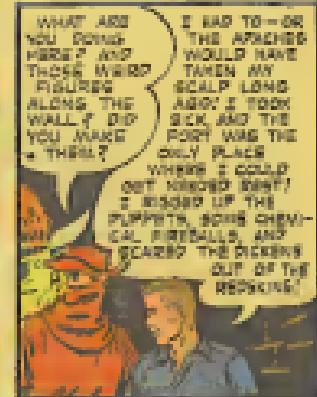
FORT APACHE GHOST
STILL LIVES!

WILL STEAL OUR SPIRITS
IF WE DO NOT RUN!

WHAT
HAPPENS?

IT CAME
FROM THAT
WHITE-HORSE
IT WAS ON
THE PARAPET!
STAND BACK!
IT BURNS UP!





THE GATE BOSS BOULD A
DOUGH HOLLOWING INLAND
EACH THROUGH THE DOCUMENT



WE HAVE NO BULLETS—
SO THIS HAS TO WORK!



THAT THERE I'M A HEAP BIG
MAGICKIAN! THEY DON'T KNOW
I SPREAD OUT THE BARRELS
OF GUNPOWDER I FOUND IN
THE FORT TO DRY! WHEN
THAT TORCH HIT IT, IT
EXPLODED! LET'S HELP THEM
OFF—but next time when
they come in, we're
done FOR...



WITHIN AN HOUR, THE APACHE
RE-GROUP AND CHARGE IN—



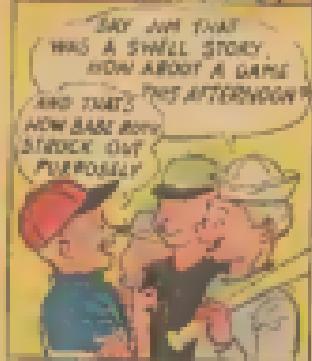
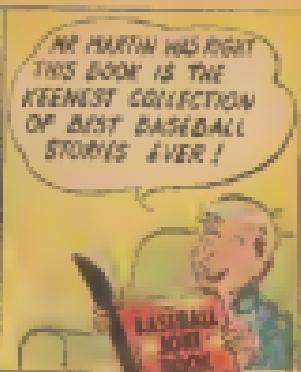
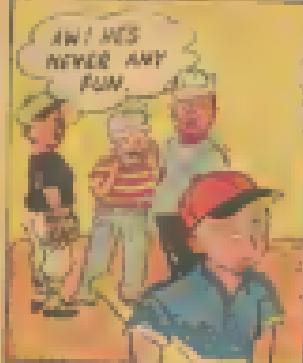
AND THEN, THE SHARP, HIGH
NOTES OF A BUGLE SOUND
ON THE DRY ARIEL.



THE CAVALRY! THEY JUST HAVE
FOUND ONE OF OUR REBEL
BALLOONS AND DOWN AT THE
BALLOON!

I CAN LEAVE NOW! I GUESS OLD
FORT APACHE IS DEAD FOREVER... FOR
EVEN IT'S "GHOST" IS GOING TO
LEAVE IT!





Jimmy Proved His Point! ...So Can You

My believe, when talking baseball! I've ignored? Some guy always bagging the conversations, probably, is know all the copies all the stories?

Well, now you can change all that. Show that you not only know baseball, but know it better. It's easy when you read *The Complete Baseball Score Book*. It contains scores, statistics, and records and games played by the players, or teams, managers, or fans. The scores and stats are never broken, printed or sold.

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